The True Northerner.

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THOUGHTS AT A RAILWAY STATION

'Tis but a box of modest deal,
Directed to no matter where;
Yet down my cheeks the teardrops steal—
Yes, I am blubbering like a seal;
For on it is this mute appeal—
With care.

I am a stern old man, and range
Apart; but those vague words, With care
Wake yearnings in me sweet as strange;
Drawn from my moral Moated Grange,
I fee li'd rather like the change
Of air;

Hast thou ne'er seen rough pointsmen spy
Some simple English phrase, With care,
Or This side uppermost, and cry
Like children? No? No more have I,
Yet deem not him whose eyes are dry
A bear.

But ah! what treasure hides beneath
That lid so much the worse for wear,?
A ring perhaps—a rosy wreath,
A photograph by Vernon Heath,
Some matron's temporary teeth
Or hair.

Perhaps some seaman in Peru
Or Ind hath stow'd therein a
Cargo of birds'-nests for his Sue;
With many a vow that he'll be true,
And many a hint that she is too,
Too fair.

Perhaps—but wherefore vainly pry'
Into the page that's folded there?
I shall be better by and by!
The porters, as I sit and sigh,
Pass and repass—I wonder why
They stare.

THE SNOW FLOOD.

"They're up, I tell you, and out in force, and there will be blazing roofs, and blood spilling all along the Chinese from tier, from Kara Sou to Dostvernik. We are safe enough, of course, here in Kiachta, behind our strong stockades and brass cannon. But there is scarcely a post to the eastward that can be called secure, now the Mongols are over the border."

"Snrely, however," said I, looking up from my desk and the invoice in which I was duly recording packages of black tea, coarse silk, the white sonorous brass peculiar to China, and other imports from the Flowery Land, "the Mongols will content themselves with sweeping off some flocks and herds, and not venture on attacking the settlements. The Russian military power—"

"It's a far cry, as they say in my country, to St. Petersburg, or even to the Wolga," grimly rejoined the first speaker, whose name was Gilfillan. "These Tartar thieves know well enough that, short of Irkutsk, there are but some weak detachments to bar their way. Even the sotnia of Cossacks has been withdrawn, and, for the moment, the whole of Eastern Siberia lies at the mercy of the Mongols."

This was serious news to me, for although my colleague from the Land of Cakes was quite correct in his assertion that we were safe at Kiachta, a fortified position too strong to be attempted by the barbarian foe, there was one whose life I held dearer than my own, and who, should the tidings of a Mongol inroad be confirmed, might be exposed to sore peril.

I, Frank Richards, had been, during two out of the three years which I had passed in this out-of-the-way corner of the Russian dominions, a clerk in the firm of Merton & Paulovitch, the managing partner of which resided at Irkutsk, and was, as his name implies, like myself, an Englishman. Mr. Merton, however, was one of those Anglo-Russians of whom many are to be found in the higher mercantile society of St. Petersburg, and who have taken root, as it were, in the country in which the greater part of their lives have been spent. He was a man of considerable property, and as a member of the Fur Trading Guild was possessed of certain valuable privileges, which almost amounted to a monopoly.

It was with anger and annoyance that the rich merchant learned that his clerk was in love with his only daughter, Ellen, and that the sentiment was reciprocal. Mr. Merton, as was very natural, had other views for his daughter's establishment in life. He was always looking forward to the day when, leaving the active conduct of the business in younger hands, he should withdraw to the capital, where Miss Merton, as a well-endowed heiress, might very probably marry a count, or possibly a prince. It was a pitiful antithesis to such exalted visions that she should bestow her hand on a mere subordinate in the house of Merton & Paulovitch.

"I like you, Richards," the merchant had said to me, not unkindly; "and if you, and Ellen, too, will but be reasonable and promise to forget this folly—Ah! well, then, there is no help for it, I see."

And thereupon we parted. I was a good linguist, and well trained to the routine of business in that remote region, so that it was easy enough for me to obtain employment in a mercantile house at Kiachta, at a higher rate of salary than that which I had hitherto drawn. I doubt, however, if I should have cared to continue any longer in my self-imposed exile from the civilization of Europe, had it not been that I could not muster the resolution to tear myself away from a country of which Ellen Merton was still an inhabitant. Even this poor consolation was, it seemed, soon to be taken from me, for the gossips of the colony were unanimous that the ensuing winter was the last that would see the Mertons resident in Siberia.

And then, preceded by certain threatening rumors, to which scanty credence had been attached, there had occurred the Mongol incursion, prompted, as there was reason to suspect, by the Chinese authorities, of whose sentiments toward the rival empire pressing yearly closer to their extensive frontier, few doubts could be entertained by even the most optimistically disposed of the motley European community, Russian, German, Polish, and British, whose task it was to develop the great natural resources of this long-neglected corner of the earth. We were well aware that, in reply to diplomatic remonstrances, the Mandarins at the helm of state would disclaim all responsibility for the acts of a tribe of turbulent marauders, while at the same time they would chuckle slily at the injuries thus vicariously inflicted on the detested Fan Qui.

On the fourth day after the outbreak of hostilities, there arrived in Kiachta a group of Englishmen, engineers and Cornish miners, from a valuable mine on the farther bank of the Amour, the whole plant of which had been wantonly destroyed by the Mongol raiders. They reported the station of Cherinsk, with all its factories and dwellings, to be in flames, while the European residents, with such of their property as they could contrive to save, were slowly retreating, under the protection of a military escort, toward Irkutsk.

"Toward Irkutsk!" I exclaimed, incredulously; "you mean, surely, toward Kiachta. It would be running into the lion's mouth to attempt the long march over the open plains that lie between the northern end of Lake Bakal and the mountains at the headwaters of the Amour. No one in his senses would give such an advantage to the fleet-footed enemy."

But my informant was positive as to the route which the caravan of refugees from Cherinsk had adopted. A Cornish miner, dispatched thither to purchase powder for blasting purposes, immediately before the inroad, had rejoined his comrades with the news. It appeared that the decision, perilously unwise as it seemed to me, to select the longer and more northerly line of march, had been formed by Count Annenkoff, who commanded the troops, and who was a young man, new to the country, and over-confident in his own judgment.

Hitherto, it was added, the Mongol horsemen had contented themselves with hovering, like hawks on the wing, around their destined prey, keeping at a respectful distance from the rifled muskets of the soldiery; but there could be no doubt that they were waiting the opportunity, in some unguarded moment, of swooping down upon the camp, while the movements of the fugitives, encumbered as they were by a heavy baggage-train, and accompanied by several ladies and children, were of necessity slow. That Ellen and her father were of the company was all but certain.

I could no longer endure the safe inaction of life at Kiachta, and accordingly I formed a resolve which to many of my friends appeared rash and willful. This was, to make my way, as best I might, to the caravan, the tardy pace of which would readily be overtaken by a well-mounted rider, and to persuade Ellen and her father rather to trust themselves to my guidance back to Kiachta, than to persevere in the arduous march that otherwise lay before them. Thanks to my love of field sports, and to a certain restless spirit of adventure, I had an acquaintance with the country for many a league around, having repeatedly accompanied Tartar hunters on their expeditions in quest of the elk, the bustard, and the antelope of the plains. I was excellently mounted, and felt that, should I fall in with the enemy, their shaggy ponies would not easily come up with my fine Turcoman steed from the distant deserts of Khiva. And of hunger, and thirst more terrible than hunger, those gaunt guardians of the steppe, there was not much risk. I was to traverse a country watered by many streams, affluents of the Amour, and where the provident care of the Russians had caused wells to be dug in the drier portions of the plain. The nomad tribes, with whom even the Mongols would not interfere, on the principle of dog not eating dog, were friendly enough to give me food in exchange for silver roubles, and the weather was as yet fine and mellow, although the season was winter.

The first long day's march brought me to a cluster of black felt tents, conical in shape, pitched on the bank of a shallow brook, while hard by grazed the sheep and buffaloes that made up the only wealth of the horde. I rode up to them without fear—for these ramblers through the plains of Eastern Siberia have little harm in them—and recognized in the headman of the camp an old acquaintance, who spoke a little Russian, and often brought in lambskins, yaourt, and wild strawberries to the market at Kiachta.

"I would not push on were I you, Gospodin," said the white-bearded patriarch, as he set before me the simple fare—milk, cheese, and mutton kabaubs, skewered on a twig of the arbutus—that he had to offer. "They were here with us yesterday, some hundreds of the light-fingered rogues from across the frontier, and it cost me ten fat sheep, and many fair words, to coax them into good behavior. They had two white men's heads, set on spear points, for their standards, and their leader swore by the Holy Tooth not to go back to Mongolia, without silver enough to plate the shrines of his joss-house. They're after the poor folks from Cherinsk by this time; not that they've any more fancy for the whistle of a leaden bullet than other people have."

The gift of a golden eagle, and the promise of two more coins of the same mintage, induced the headman to send with me a barefooted lad of his tribe, who would, I was assured, prove quite competent to conduct me to a place whence I could easily overtake the caravan, and also to keep up with my horse at any pace short of a gallop. And young Kazim (how he came by his Moslem name I can not tell, for all these tribes of the border are Buddhists, like the Mongols beyond it) ran gallantly beside my stirrup over weary leagues of grazing grounds, and stretches of stony barrenness, till at length he stopped, pointing triumphantly to a number of footprints, of horses, oxen, camels, and men, stamped into the half-dried mud of a shallow watercourse, and with a wave of his hand toward a distant wreath of blue smoke, sure sign of a bivouac fire, he received from mine the glittering eagles, wrapped the gold in a scrap of raw sheepskin and thrust it into the salt-gourd that dangled by a thong from his waist, and then, with a grin of leave-taking, trotted off homeward.

I had not ridden half a mile toward the camp fire, before I saw, approaching me, at a lumbering amble, ungainly enough, but swift and silent, some two-score of laden camels, urged on by four horsemen whose lances and the black Tartar caps they wore suggested their nationality as Mongolian. Two of them, as soon as they espied me, dashed at me with loud execrations and cries of, "Feringhee! Russky! kill! kill!"

My revolver was out in a moment, and the sight of it produced some effect on the wild riders, for they wheeled off to right and left, galloping round me in circles, still brandishing their spears, until a third horseman spurred forward, calling out something which seemed as if by magic to suspend their murderous intentions, and then rode quietly up to my side, and held out his bony hand for me to shake.

"Brother!" he said, in a strange jargon of mingled Turkish and Russian; "very good friend, Batuschka! Has English lord forgotten poor Sing-Si?"

I looked at the man's broad, flat face, and did indeed recognize a Tartar of the name above mentioned, whom I had, a year before, bought off, at an expenditure of some six shillings sterling, from a Cossack patrol about to hang him on a dwarf oak for being captured, redhanded, as a sheepstealer. He had since then worked for us, as a porter, for some months in Kiachta, but the vagrant instinct was too strong in Sing-Si, and he had thrown up his employment and fled to the steppe.

The other three Tartars became amicable enough when they found that their companion hailed me as a friend, and I gathered from the, rascals' talk that they had been acting as guides to the Cherinsk caravan, and had seized an opportunity of making off with forty camels and their loads, with which, as I made out, they intended to join their cousins the robber Mongols. All this Sing-Si, whose moral fiber was of the coarsest, related as an excellent joke; but when he learned that I was on my way to join those whom he had just deserted, his counteuance assumed a graver expression.

"Hark ye, English Lord," he said, cautiously, as the others began to goad on their camels with blows and lance-pricks, "we of the steppe love a friend as we hate a foe. Sing-Si does not want his former protector to leave his bones to bleak on the plains, with those of yonder unbleached ones;" and he shook his fist at the far-off smoke; "and, sure as death, their shroud is spinning fast."

"What do you mean?" I asked, anxiously.

"I mean," hissed out Sing-Si, putting his ugly face close to mine, "that we of the old Tartar stock have no cause to be fond of the Muskov, and a pretty trick we have played them. Hist! did you never hear of the snow-flood?"

I had, in the course of my residence in Siberia, heard vague stories of such a phenomenon of the far northern steppes, and I nodded, waiting to hear more.

"The Russians will feel it soon," chuckled Sing-Si; "the blind moles! Already the wind is from the north, already the threads of the Fatal Spinners span the sky, and we have led them where there are no mountains to break the fury of the blast; no barrier to check the rush of the white wave that shall overwhelm man and beast. Away, Englishman, whip and spur, as you love your life, for even here you are not safe; and ride to the left, mark me, westward, to the shelter of the hills. As for me, I go."

And, spurring his rough pony, off he clattered in pursuit of his party. I rode at a brisk hand-gallop toward the camp fire. The snow flood! There crowded on my mind all the tales that I had ever heard, of caravans, of solitary hunters, or of detachments of troops, overtaken by the resistless drift on those illimitable plains, where not a tree, not a hillock, existed to stem the violence of the wind. And as I sped on, I felt convinced that Sing-Si's warning was a true one.

On reaching the encampment I found my predictions of impending evil received very much as were those of Cassandra in old Troy. Count Annenkoff, a vain young officer, with a supreme scorn for the civilians and foreigners, ridiculed my advice, and declined to regard my informant Sing-Si as anything but a scoundrel who had absconded with a portion of the baggage.

"Excuse my incredulity, mon cher," he said coolly, "but your snow flood, as you phrase it, appears too nearly related to Sinbad's Valley of Diamonds, and the other contes of the Thousand and One Nights, to command credence; and I shall use my own discretion as regards the route to be followed."

The other Europeans, if less supercilious, were almost equally deaf to all the arguments which I could urge. None of them had witnessed, though all of them had heard of, the fell force of that snowy tempest to which the Asiatics had given so picturesque a name; and none were willing to run the gauntlet of the prowling Mongols in order to elude a danger which might prove mythical. But Ellen, who believed in me because she loved me, used all her influence with her father, and with such good effect, that Mr. Merton yielded a reluctant consent to have his own and his daughter's horses re-saddled, and to set off, under my guidance, in the direction indicated by Sing-Si.

As we left the camp, lighted by a broad full moon that bathed the steppe with silvery brightness, I observed that the northern sky was growing very dark, and that the long filaments of gray cloud had become knit together, as though the Valkyrs were indeed busy at the loom of death. The wind also, blowing in fitful gusts, had become piercingly cold, and our very horses snorted and sniffed the air as though they scented the approach of some viewless peril.

By the time we had ridden, as I guessed, some two miles from the halting-place, the northern sky had darkened still more, and the low sobbing of the desert wind had swelled into a shriek, while the temperature was perceptibly lowered, so that Ellen shivered, more from cold than fear. We pressed on. Mr. Merton, as I have said, had been unwilling to take my counsel, in opposition to the scoffs and remonstrances of his friends, but now he said, in an altered tone:

"I begin to think, Richards, that you and the Tartar were right. God bless you for your unselfish kindness, my boy, whatever comes of this."

Before I could reply, a terrified outcry from Ellen's lips made me turn my head, just as the first quick snowflakes came whirling down, and there, behind us, throwing before it, as it came, a ghastly gleam of light, came from the north a shapeless whiteness, rolling pitilessly on.

"The snow! the snow!" we exclaimed, as with one voice, urging on our affrighted horses to their fullest speed, while behind us, like the tide rising fast over the sands of the seashore, swept on the white wave, burying beneath it, as it advanced, bush, and mound, and watercourse, and blotting out every feature of the landscape to the northward.

Then began a race indeed, the alarmed horses straining every sinew to outstrip the pursuing fate; but with all our speed the drift gained upon us, and presently we found ourselves plunging and floundering, up to our saddle-girths, in snow. The moon's radiance was now totally obscured, but afar off, to the westward, my eye had caught the ruddy glow of a fire such as charcoal-burners kindle among the hills, and never did storm-tossed mariners watch the welcome beacon of some harbor more eagerly than did I this saving light.

The fire, as I had conjectured, was burning high up on one of the wooded spurs of the mountain range near the sources of the Amour, but to reach it was no trifling task. Our exhausted steeds, worn out by the toilsome passage through the snow, could scarcely be urged to fresh exertions, while the rush of the deepening flood, and the blinding showers that dashed into our faces, threatened at each instant to overwhelm us. We reached the Amour at last, down the swollen current of which were whirling masses of snow, and here Ellen's horse fell, and could not be raised, while that of Mr. Merton, gasping and spent, no longer answered to the spur.

"Save yourself, Frank! leave us! why should all perish?" groaned the merchant.

There was some strength and spirit yet left in the gallant Turcoman that I bestrode, and snatching up Ellen's light form in my arms, I spurred into the river, and struggling through, deposited my precious burden on the turf beyond, under the shelter of a rocky boulder. I then recrossed the ford, and bidding Mr. Merton to cling tightly to my horse's mane, for the third time breasted the current, and half swimming, half wading, we got through, though on the farther bank my noble horse reeled and fell, with a faint, low neigh, and so died. The carcasses of the others were already buried beneath the driving snow.

The rest of our story—how, after some fatigue, we scaled the rocky ravine where stood the hut of the charcoal burners, and how these rough but kindly beings warmed and fed us, and finally enabled us to reach Kiachta in safety—is a tale of mere commonplace hardship. I have been for years the happy husband of Ellen, and a junior partner in the thriving house of Merton & Paulovitch, although our sphere of business has been removed to a less romantic region than that of Eastern Siberia. Of the fate of Count Annenkoff and the caravan under his charge no survivor ever returned to head-quarters to tell the tale. —*All the Year Round.*

Strange Case of Hydrophobia.

An extraordinary case of hydrophobia occurred in Augusta, Me., last week. A gentleman from Portland, while smoking with a friend in the front yard of his boarding house, remarked that a fit was coming on, as he felt the symptoms. He was soon rolling on the ground, frothing at the mouth and barking like a dog. Five persons attempted to hold him, but were unable to do so during his most severe convulsions. The poor fellow was in this condition twenty-four hours, and did not appear to be greatly exhausted when he came to himself. He remarked that the reaction always came two or three days after the attack. He said that twelve years ago he was bitten by a dog, and ever since has had an attack like this once a year. Last year he was attacked in June.

THE White House at Washington, D. C., was commenced in October, 1792. James Hoban was the architect. The building is modeled after the palace of the Duke of Leinster.

GEN. PUTNAM DISCOUNTED.

A California Bear Story.

The party of Sacramentans who recently left for Mendocino county on a hunting trip, and of whose fit out we gave a brief description, were yesterday heard from through a brief letter received here. They reached their hunting-ground without more than ordinary trouble, but had an adventure the first day they got into their permanent camp, which was immediately adjoining the farm-house of a gentleman who used to reside in Sacramento. Shortly after they arrived, the ranchman intimated to them that he had discovered that a bear, supposed to have been the cause of the disappearance from the ranch of sundry young pigs and goats, had secreted himself in a crevice in a ledge of rocks not more than 100 yards from the house, and they could kill him easily if they "meant hunting." We doubt whether a bear had ever been killed by these hunters, but what could they do? Of course they declared, with more or less emphasis, that if there was anything they wanted it was a chance at a bear. The ranchman volunteered to show them Bruin's headquarters, and after thorough preparation, they started out to do battle. Arrived at the rocks, it was determined after careful survey that the bear had crawled through a narrow opening into a cave, which might be large or small, there was no way of judging. George G., the quietest man of the party, now showed the most pluck. Evidently he had heard of Israel Putnam's exploit, for, after a careful reconnoissance, he announced that he would crawl in with his gun after the bear, previously affixing a rope to his ankles, and when the parties outside heard him shoot, they were to pull on the rope and help him to crawl out, as the bear might institute a vigorous pursuit. Once outside, the other members of the party could cover his retreat with their guns. That was excellent. He carefully made his way through the hole until he caught sight of Bruin, then took good aim and fired.

Meanwhile the remainder of the party had been standing outside, nervously clinging to the rope, and when the shot was fired, giving a loud and very peculiar sound, to which the bear responded with a terrible roar, which, rushing to them through the narrow opening, seemed to indicate that the animal was making a terrific charge, they started on a rush for camp, and, though unconscious of the fact, dropped their guns but clung to the rope. The result was that George found himself snaked out of the hole like greased lightning, and bumped along the ground at a famous pace. The more he yelled the faster his friends ran, believing that the ferocious beast had made short work of him and soon would operate upon them. They never stopped until they reached their wagon, and then, hearing a large amount of fragmentary catechism at the end of the rope, they investigated and found George barer than the bear had ever been, and with every bit of sun-burn skinned off his face, while his hands were lacerated and full of slivers. It took a long time to explain to his satisfaction. Afterward some one thought about the other bear, and he was found to be dead in the hole.—*Sacramento Record.*

Sitting Bull the Greatest.

Gen. Jas. S. Brisbin, now with Terry as Major of the Second cavalry, has been interviewed on the Indian question. In answer to the question, "Are there any noble Indians, such as we read about in the books?" the General answered: "Yes, plenty of them, and greater chiefs now living on the plains than ever were Powhattan, Logan, Red Jacket, or Tecumseh. Sitting Bull, as a warrior, is a greater Indian than has ever appeared in America. The late campaigns on the Yellowstone show that he is equal to the best generals in managing battles. A few years ago he was a blanket Indian, without influence or wealth, and by his own energy he has raised himself to the head of the most powerful Indian tribe on the plains, and is the acknowledged leader of all the hostilities. Red Cloud will compare favorably with any chief that has ever lived, and Spotted Tail is not far behind him in ability. I remember Washakie, Chief of the Shoshones, who, if he had been born white instead of red, would have been a leader of the people in any State—a Governor or a Senator. In personal appearance this Chief strongly resembles the Father of his Country, as painted by Peale—tall, straight, white-haired and dignified—he is the personification of a noble red man. I have had him to dine at my house, and never entertained a more agreeable old man. He will not eat till he has washed, dressed his hair, and pared his nails. He is polite to ladies, and children are his delight, going to him instinctively as to a friend. It is almost impossible to disturb his repose, while his placid replies in council would do credit to the most dignified Senator. He has great abilities, and treats every question presented to him with such comprehensive knowledge as to astonish white men. He is brave as Julius Cæsar, and in every sense a savage statesman, orator, warrior."

THE words "spondulix," "disgruntled," and "skedaddle," are all slang, ushered into use to meet a fancied need of conversation. Disgruntle was evidently constructed on the basis of gruntle, an obsolete word meaning to complain. Spondulix is more obscure. An Ionic Greek word, *spondulos*, means a round body, and so, *lucas a non*, perhaps money is spondulix because you so seldom have it 'round. Skedaddle is probably from *skedazo*, a Greek word meaning to scatter.

Pith and Point.

ALWAYS in debt—The letter B.

HANDY for a double-scull race—The two-headed girl.

"WHEN shall you come home, mummy darling?" "Not till the middle of the night, my love!" "Not till the middle of the night—when the clock strikes nothing?"—*Punch.*

THE Cincinnati *Saturday Night* has the following "personal:" "If the gentleman who refused to lend me $5 will repent and hand it in before 2 p. m. all will be forgvien and no questions asked."

CURATE (reproachfully): "And I'm afraid you've taken more beer to-night than is good for you, Giles." Inebriated rustic: "Sure-ly, sir, I dare sayo I could a' carried it hom' easier in a jar!"—*Punch.*

A GEORGIA mule was struck by lightning and knocked insensible, and while lying on the ground another current came along and killed the animal—which proves that lightning does strike twice in the same place. And it is absolutely necessary when it wants to kill a mule.

A POPULAR preacher recently, in his sermon, did a wise thing by inducing people to look on the sunny side of things. He said (and doubtless spoke after a careful search to confirm his statement) that the word "worst" appears only once in the Bible.

DURING the gale at Nova Scotia, a barber took a stroll to witness the destruction in process, and while contemplating the ravages of the storm some one came running up to him and exclaimed, "You have more need to be at home; your shop's blown down!" "Good man," coolly replied the barber, "how can that be, when I've got the key in my pocket!"

A YOUNG clergyman, modest almost to bashfulness, was once asked by an apothecary, of a contrary character, in a public and crowded assembly, and in a tone of voice sufficient to catch the attention of the entire company, "How happened it that the patriarchs lived to such extreme old age?" To which question the clergyman replied, "Perhaps they took no physic."

INDULGENT parent—"Johnny, what did you think of base-ball?" Johnny—"Not much. A man without any uniform said 'strike,' and a man with a club in his hand said, 'you better say 'ball' and I've a notion to punch your head.' Then a man got hit with a ball where his coat-tails ought to be, and the crowd said 'water.' Then when the game was over one side said they would lick that umpire."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

WHEN a man, coming down to breakfast half awake and his uncertain feet shod in a a pair of slip-shod slippers, steps on a spool on the first step, he is generally wide-awake enough by the time he tries to break the last step to have a very vivid and not entirely incorrect idea of the power aud indestructible force generated by the Keely motor. But that isn't what he talks about when he goes into the breakfast room and the folks ask him what made such a noise in the hall.

A RHYMED RIDDLE.

"I'm going to blank," with failing breath,
The falling gladiator said;
Unconquered, he "consents to death;"
One gasp—the hero-soul has fled.
"I'm going to blank," the schoolboy cried;
Two sugared sweets his hands display—
Like snowflakes in the ocean tide,
They vanished, melted both away.
Tell with one verb, or I'll tell you,
What each was just about to do.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

"Succumb," the gladiator groans,
And breathes away his life with moans;
"Suck 'em," the schoolboy cries with glee—
You needn't, Doctor Holmes, tell me.
—*Boston Advertiser.*

JUST after dinner, yesterday, a bootblack secured a customer near the Soldiers' Monument, and had just commenced to shine the first boot when a man came along, jerked off his coat, and declared that he would punch the head of the fellow whose boots were being beautified. The latter was ready for a muss, and there would have been a fight if the bootblack hadn't been equal to the occasion. He blew his police whistle as hard as could, and two policemen came up on the run. One of them praised the boy for his promptness in preserving the peace, and the lad replied: "There was my job half done, and if they'd had a fight where would my nickel have gone to? When I saw my fellow getting red behind the ears, I thought of the poor-house, and blew till my hat lifted up!"—*Free Press.*

A Perilous Predicament.

Hon. Joseph Mosby, of Rolla, Mo., wished to make some slight repairs on the top of his residence, and for this purpose had occasion to tear up a few shingles. In doing so in a quiet and inoffensive manner, he was astonished to find that he had disturbed a hornets' nest. The hornets swarmed out upon Mr. Mosby. They made it hot for him at the very first onset. He rushed to the ladder, attacked from behind, when, horror of horrors, a neighbor had borrowed his ladder. Mr. Mosby cavorted, he tumbled, he rolled from one end of the roof to the other, screaming as he went, "Ladder!" "Ladder!" The hornets continually increased; they flew at his nose, his ears, his cheeks; they danced on his forehead, they crawled down his back, they flew up his breeches leg, they met half way and fought each other. They stung, here and there and everywhere—before, behind, above, and below. Mr. Mosby's wild gesticulations and terrific shouts attracted the attention of the whole neighborhood. His friends mistook the shouts of "Ladder!" "Hornets!" for "Hayes and Wheeler," and thought he was raitfying, but so much seriousness was depicted on his face that a ladder was finally procured and a rescue effected. Mr. Mosby is laid up for repairs now.